

THE
CHARACTER
OF
A Quack-Doctor,
OR THE
ABUSIVE PRACTICES
OF
IMPUDENT ILLITERATE
Pretenders to Physick
EXPOSED.

*Es Medicus, simul Chirurgus,
Car 2 — minis Bygium Viros ad Orcum
Et Manu simul, & simul Veneno.*

Licensed and Entered According to Order.



London, Printed for Thomas Jones, in the Year 1676.

THE
CHARTER

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A Quack-Doctor,

OR THE

ABUSIVE PRACTICES

OF

IMPENDENT LITERATURE

Precedents of Phylack

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Printed for Thomas James in the Year 1815.

The CHARACTER of a QUACK-DOCTOR.

OR

*The Abusive Practices of Impudent Illiterate Pretenders to
Phylick, Exposed, &c.*

A *Quack-Doctor* is one of the Epidemical Diseases of this Age, a Younger Brother to the *Pox*, and the *Scurvy*, but more destructive than either; and like them too, is begot in an Illegitimate Copulation, betwixt ignorance and impudence, an Heterogenous jumble of the Dregs of *Galen* and *Caput mortuum* of *Paracelsus*; you may call him an *Embusiast* in *Phylick*, or a *Gifted Brother* in the *Knack of Healing*; a *Doctor* but no *Master of Arts*, save those of *Cousenage* and *Lying*, a *Pettifogger* in *Medicine*, that *Goes to Law* with *Diseases*, and *Plays Booby* with *Death*; whoever *Trust* their *Lives* in his *Hands*, had need of a large dose of *Hellebore*, and did not *Madness* Excuse, must forfeit their *Goods* and *Chattels*, as *Felo's de se*, Accessary to their own Destruction.

He Pretends to Cure all Diseases that ever Sin Intail'd upon the race of *Adam*, but in truth a vagrant *Mountebank*, or a *Seaventh Son*, or an *Irish Straker* out does him Fifty in the Hundred; for his *Skill* is not so much as a *Tooth drawers*, and a *Corn-Cutter* is an *Aesculapius* to him; the Proverb that asserts every man, *To be either a Fool, or a Physician*, apply'd to him, makes a *Distinction* without a *Difference*, for this *Unalphabetical Cheat*, clames both Titles, yet we must confess to his Praise, that his very *Presence* is *Medicinal*, for his *Looks* are enough to give one a *Stool* or a *Vomit*, and his everlasting *Impertinent Tattle* will either *Purge* your *Gall* with *Anger*, or your *Spleen* with *Laughter*.

To trace his *Pedigree*, is to rake a *Dunghil*, and write the *Genealogy* of *Mushrooms*, for his *Birth* is (commonly) as wretched as his *Breeding*, both being below *Mechanick*, not to be found, but amongst the *Fecces* of the *Bedraggled Rabble*; yet he might have Liv'd well at his *Primitive Handicraft*, but Extravagance put him upon shifts, & *Idleness* made him Abandon his *Anvil* or his *Loom*, his *Aul* or his *Thimble*, & pitch upon this safe and *Thriveing* course of *Pocket-Picking*, no *Filior*, *Legerdemain*, being now a days so Effectual as a *Catholick Pill* or *Universal Portion*.

His prime care, and greatest trouble, is to get the *Names* of *Diseases* *Without Book*, & a *Beadrole* of *Ratling Terms* of Art, which he desires

only to *Remember*, not *Understand*, so that he has more *Hard words* than a *Juggler*, and uses them to the same Purpose, to *amuse* and beguile the Ignorant or unwary, first of their *Wit*, and next of their *Money*.

To render himself remarkable, he first prevails with some *Associate Porters* and *Tripe-Women* to call him *Doctor*, for his Ingenuity in *Healing Kibb Heeters*, and *Curing Cui Fingers* with a *Shoemakers Ind* and *Cobwebs*; and so affected he is with the *Title*, that afterwards he will never answer to any other name, but *Mr. Doctor*; two *Gally Pots*, and a *Peny* worth of *Sena-Stalks* for him up; and he is not so soon a *Student* as a *Professor*; *Impudence* is his *License* to practice, and at the seventh *Funeral* he has caused, he takes his *Degree*; when he comes to *Let Blood* you would think him about to stick a *Calf*, and he *Thumbs* your *Pulse* like a *Carman* playing on the *Lute*; his *Library* consists in *Peny Volumes*, every *Man* and *Woman* their own *Doctor* is his *Dispensatory*, and as soon as he has read six *Leaves* in *Culpeper*, he sends *Death* a *Challenge* to play a *Prize* with him at any *Weapon*; when *People* tell him their *Grief* and their *Ails*, he knows what the *Disease* is no more than *Poor Robin*, yet that he may say something, tells them tis a *Scurbatical Humour*, *afflicting the Diaphragma*, and comes of *Heats* and *Colds*, and then pulling out a *Box* of *Quicksilver Pills*, (for his *Pocket* is all his *Pharmacopæia*) he bids 'um take them, and provide a *Large Chamber Pot*, and not doubt but they shall shortly find their *Names* in his *Book* of *Mighty Cures*.

His ambition is to be counted a *Philosopher* by fire, but is beholding to his *Wife* and kind *Friends* to compleat him a *Vulcan*; his *Brain-pan* is stufft with *Antimony* and *Vitriol*, but his fairest pretence to *Chymistry* is because of an excellent trick he has got, to turn *Powder* of the *Rows* of *Red-herrings*, or a *Vial* of fair water, into good hard *Silver*, and by his *Art* *Extracts* *Money* out of *Piss* as fast as *Vespasian*; he rails at *Galen* and *Hippocrates* (as some *Bigots* do against the *Pope*) without knowing whether they were *Men* or *Women*; but admires *Van Helmont* blindfold, and fancies him & *Paracelsus* to be two jolly *Dutch Burgomasters*, that by the *Hermetick* art, first found out the making of *Tophet Potabile*, in the wonderful *Invention* of *Snap-Dragons* and burnt *Brandy*.

At first he deals as a private *Mountebank*, and makes every blind *Alcove* he comes in, his *Stage*, where he tells a *Thousand Lies* of his miraculous *Cures*, and has his *Landlady* at his *Elbow* to *Vouch* them: he bribes all the *Nurses* he can meet with, and keeps a dozen *Midwives* in *Pension* to proclaim his skill at *Gossipings*, he indears the *Chamber maid* by a private *Dose*, to bring him *In* with her *Mistress*; the new *Married Citizens Wife*, that out-longs *Rachel* for a *Bantling*, comes to him for the

the reputed ability of his Back, not his Brains, and the *Suburb Gamblers* admire him for topeing a Pot so sociably; sometimes knowing his Medicines not worth buying, he takes up a humour of giving them away, and pretends to Cure all the Poor in the three Nations for nothing.

— Sed ulla putatis

Dona Carere Dolis danaum? sic notus Uliſſes?

Notwithstanding this *New-Fashion'd Wheedle*, his Charity both begins and ends at home, for when People come to him, he scrutinizes their Abilities more Rigorously than the *Chimney-Man*, and Extorts six pence out of some that have not been worth a groat these seven years, and sometimes suborns indigent people to bare falsewitness against themselves, and slander him throughout the Town, with reports of strange Cures he was never guilty of.

But these are only smaller *Angling Baits*, his *Draw-Net* is a *Printed Bill*, which Catches the *Gudgeons* in shoals, for hatching of this, he engages some Friend that's *Book-Learn'd* to correct the false English, and spruceify the sence, and interlard it with *Proverbial Latin* and *Cramp-words*, as a *Grammon* of *Bacon* is stuf with *Green Herbs* and *Cloaves* to make it go down more favourly; then to a confiding *Printer* he goes, who depositing paper and pains, is refered for satisfaction to a snack in the profits of the exposed Quackery, and then out comes a *Proclamation* of wonders, trickt up in some strange form, with abundance of *Inviting Capitals* and *Inticing Rubricks*, the *Tenour* commonly to this effect!

EXIMIO PRÆDICO;

OR

A Thousand Infallible Cures

At the *Golden Ball* in *Fop-Ally* next dore to the flying *Hedghog* in *New-Alfassa*, Lives the *Parafelsus* of this age, by name *Seignior Doloſo Effrontero*; Native of *Arabia Deserta*, natural Son of the wonder-working *Chimeſt Doctor* lately deceased at the *Devils Arſe a Peak* in *Sileſia*, and famous throughout *Europe*, *Asia*, *Afrique* and *America*, from the oriental exaltation of *Titan*, to his occidental Declination.

Who in pity to his own deat self and Languishing mortals, has by the earnest prayers and solicitations of divers Princes, Lords, and other honourable Personages, been prevaild with to oblige the World with this notice, that all persons Young or Old, or Deaf or Lame, or Blind or Dumb, may know whither to repair for present Cure, in all *Cephalalgia's*, *Paralytical Paroxiſmes*, *Odonialgia's*, *Apoplexia's*, *Peripneumonia's*, *Empyema's*, *Palpitations* of the *Pericardium*, *Syncop'e's*, *Nanſcitie's*

B

arising

arising either from a Plethora or a Cachexy, Dysenteria's, Ulcer, passions, the Sturges, Exanthemata; the Hog-Pox, the Hen-Pox, the Small-Pox, the Whore-Pox, or the Devils-Pox, the Ascites, Tympanites, or Anasarca, Ictericall effusions, Rheumatismes, Phlegmons, Erysipelas's Herpes, Impetigo's, Tentigo's, Scabs, Scallheads, Warts, Corns, and all other Diseases, Grievs, Wounds, Fractures, Dislocations, Contusions, Dolors, Aches, Defects, Twins, Distempers and Discrepencies of Nature, whether external or Internal, acute or Chronick, Curable or Incurable.

His Medicines are the Quintessence of Pharmaceutical Energy, and the Cures he has done, are above the Art of the whole World.

Imprimis, he has a wonderful, Universal unheard of, never-failing Hypnotical, Cordiacal, Cephalical, Hepatical, Anodynous, Odoniferous, Carminative, Renovative, Styptical, and Corroborating Balsome of Balsomes, (made of Dead mens fat, Rosin and Goose grease,) that infallibly restores lost Maidenheads, raises demolished Noses, and by its absterfing Cosmetick quality, preserves super-activated Bawds from Wrinkles; he has the true Cathartopopbura of Hermes Tresmegistus, an Incomparable spagyricall uncture of the Moons Hornes, the most sovereign Alexipharmacum in the world against the contagion of Cuckoldry; he has the Pantimagon of the Triple Kingdom that works seven several ways, and is seven years a preparing, being at last exactly completed, secundum Artem, by Fermentation, Putrefaction, Distillation, Rectification, Cebulation, Circulation, Calination, Sublimation, Solution, Precipitation, Coagulation, Filtration, and Quidlibetification, both in Balneo Mariae, the Crucible, and the Fixatory, the Albanor, the Cucurbita, and the Reverberatory, this is Natures Palladium, Healths Magazine, A dram of it is worth a Bushel of March Dust, if any person happen to have his Brains beat out, or his Head Chopt off, two drops seasonably applied shall recall the Fleeting Spirits, re-inthroned the deposed Archon, cement the discontinuity of the parts, and in six minutes restore the Lifeless Trunk to its pristine vigour, in all its functions, vital, natural and Animal; he has an excellent Antipudengragian Specifick, (the choicest jewel amongst Venus's Regalia, which perfectly cures the French Pox with all its noble train of Bubo's, Gonorrhoea's and shankers, with as much pleasure as the same can be contracted; so that it would tempt any man of sence to get that moeth Disease (if it may be procured from Love or Money, once a Fortnight, to enjoy the repeated delight of so diverting a Remedy.

He hath it under the hands and seals of the greatest Caliphs and Magicks in Christendome, to verificate the reality of his operations, I leave

Prester

Præsent John Godmother of a Suspendious Dolor about the *Gr. Sacrum*, so that the good Lady feared the perdition of her Black-bone; I did it to the great admiration of that Court, by Fomenting her Possessions with the Mummy of nature, otherwise called Pilgrim Salve, and the spirit of Mugwort. Terragraphocated through a Limbeck of Chrystal-line transfluences. I Cured the Dutches of *Promolpo* of the cramp in her tongue, and gave immediate ease to her Nephew the *Count de Rodomontado correptus*, with an *Iliaca Passio* by eating butter & *Paraspe*.

An Alderman of *Grand Cairo*, that had lain seven year sick of the *Plague*, I cured him in two and Forty Minutes; from whence I was sent for by *Sultan Gilgal Despot of Bosnia*, who being violently afflicted with a *Spasmus*, came 600 Leagues to meet me in a *Go-Cart*. I gave him so speedy an acquittance from his Dolor, that next Night he Danc'd a *Sarabrand* with *Flipflaps* and *Sommerfets*, and for my reward presented me with a *Persian Horse*, a *Turkish Scymitor*, and 300. *Hungarian Duckets*. I restored Virility and the comfort of Generation to 150 *Eunuchs* in the *Grand Seigniors Seraglio*, and by a pair of *Prolifick Pills* lately caused a *Viothners Widdow*, that had all her life time been *Barren*, to bring forth a *Lusty Boy*, without the help of a *Husband*, when she was entred into the twelfth Lustre of her Age; and with a like *Imperial Remedy* in the *Austrian Court*, Cured Duke *Philanax* of a *Dropsy*, whereof he Dyed.

In a word, the Cures I have done are no less *Indubitable* than *Incredible*, for I willingly undertake none but desperate mortal diseases, and Love to signalize my Practice by performing *Impossibilities*, and therefore, if any have occasion to make use of me, & render themselves immortal, let them hasten to our Habitation.

Venienti occurrat Morbo

Down with your Dust.

For I am just now sent for by an extraordinary *Courier* to the mighty Empress of *Bombaze* upon important occasions nearly concerning her Royal Person.

Quærenda pecunia primam

Be not Sick too Late.

Rebus in seipsum

No Money, no Cure.

Such impudent ostentious Decoy-papers he daily spreads about the Streets, as if he had undertaken to serve the whole City with *Bum-fodder*, and plaisters with his quakeries every Pissing-post, and thereby Limbe-twigs the Rabble to become his Patients, so we may properly

call them; for before he has don with 'em, they are sure to suffer sufficiently; they proceed to use his Juice for Cheapness, but in truth they pay dear enough, for tis odd if it do not cost them their Lives, he likewise hucksters his Venome in every Market Town and Village, and if the Farmers would buy it only to treat Rats with, it might do them a Courtesy.

His chief practice is amongst *Good Women* that have more Money than Wit, he first persuades them that they are not well, then gives 'em Playtick Ball, infallibly make 'em sick; he has nature perpetually in his mouth, but knows no more of her, than the Queen of Morocco; and the greatest design he has in Chymistry, is to fit him for the Gallows for Commiseration. He is often seen by *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*, and never appears but attended with sighs and dying Groans, after a thousand promises of Health, he most perfidiously leaves a man Gasping, and gives this reason, that Death and he have a quarrel and dare not meet, when persons are Kill'd by his improper Applications, he Chides their Friends for not sending for him sooner; Rails at the Nurses for not observing directions, or alledges the Sick would not be rul'd; At worst poor nature bares the blame, and his time was come, serves for an excuse, and the Grave covers his ignorance; but if any hapen to recover, though but of a Cold or an Ague, he magnifies the business as if he had raised a second *Lazarus*, yet in truth the greatest Cure he can boast of, is of his own purse, which from a *Maligne Consumption*, he has raised to a condition *Plump* and *Thriving*; for there are so many Fools in the World, that a Knave can hardly want employment, and they are so incorrigibly silly and stupid, as to think themselves obliged to Gratify him for not Murthering them; and trumpet him up amongst the rest of the undiscerning Croud, for the greatest Skill, the rarest man in the World; and by these Arts he grows Famous and Rich, and Buys him the worshipful Jacket, and takes state upon him, and defies Authority that should suppress his insolvency, and at last purchases a Title, and arrives at his Coach, where we leave him an instance of Fortunate Folly and Prosperous Wickedness, driving out with but Resistance to perfect his pseudo-Chymistry in the Devils Laboratory.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Author is far from any intention to Bespatter the noble Art of Healing, or any of its Learned or Honest Ingenious Professors, or to undervalue the most Pleasant and useful Study of Chymistry, or gratify Monopolies in learning, or stinted Methods of formal Ignorance; tis the illiterate frantick and dangerous Pretender he would expose to deserved contempt; the sordid passions of envy at any mans Gains, or malice to particular Persons having no Influence on his Pen, he wishes (as the Unicorn is never seen but in Painting) such a Quack might be no where found but in this Idem, and then where nobody is concern'd, nobody can with reason complain, but if any Conscientious Dons shall acknowledg the Picture to be theirs, and think themselves intended, he frankly tells them, they are the Persons meant indeed.

Innocuos permittite Sales, Cur Ludere nobis
Non Liceat, Licuit, si Jugulare tibi?

